



Thunderbird West Congregational News

Good Food, Good Friends, Good Fellowship

The Fellowship Commission kicked off its first event of the 2011 year with a congregational Valentine's spaghetti dinner following the worship service on Sunday, February 13. The food was great and the dinner was enhanced by the ambiance of a lovely theme-decorated fellowship hall. There were approximately 100 people in attendance (many attired in red) for the good food and fellowship together. Thanks to all of those who helped make the dinner a success.



Mike Alexander, Chuck & Joan Lundeen



"It all looks so good"



Guest Speaker Ann Gould with Lee & Clyde Swick



"Two meatballs, please"

Pastor's Corner

In the spring, I'm reminded of my years growing up in Michigan. The transition from cold winter weather there to the warm summers here was so much more pronounced than it is here in Southern Arizona. It felt so good to feel the warmth of the sun on my skin after the snow began to melt. I still can see the tulips, canna lilies and iris that my dad always planted around the yard. I believed early on that my parents picking the name Iris for my older sister was a very good choice. She is beautiful. Whenever I see even a photo of a lilac bush, I'm taken back to the time when, just outside of my bedroom window, there was this very large lilac bush that seemed to be trying to push through the screen and get into my bedroom. With the robin being the state bird of Michigan, I can still remember seeing a robins nest with four eggs in it that were such a bright turquoise that it seemed they could have been artificially colored and used for Easter Eggs.

We all tend to get anxious for spring to arrive, especially if it has been a hard winter. A good friend, who lived next door to Vicki and I, would dream about the time when he could put in his garden. There were probably some who looked forward to mowing their lawns. I don't remember feeling that way, but a well-manicured landscape was always nice to look at.

It's probably a natural human need to plant seeds, make things grow and see them come to life. Isn't that what we want to do as Christians? Because of all we have done together in the last several years at Thunderbird West, seeds have been planted and there has been growth.

There has also been the occasional winter; the tearing down of what we wished had been more permanent. The losses we have experienced at Thunderbird West in the last several years have been incredibly painful and difficult to deal with. Hopefully, when we were growing up, we began to learn to look beyond ourselves and realize that other people matter also. If we truly embrace the teachings of Jesus Christ, this will become even more evident.

I read this scripture in the **Daily Bread** on February 9, 2011. "Rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep." Romans 12:15. The author, Bill Crowder writes, "If we rejoice only in our own victories, we miss the wonder of celebrating the power of the Lord, who desires to accomplish His purpose in and through others as well. If we mourn only our own losses, we lose the opportunity to be there for those who are hurting by showing them compassion. Life is filled with the extremes of joy and sorrow, victory and defeat. But we have been given the privilege of entering into those moments in people's lives to see the grace of God at work. Don't miss it!"

In our associations, we are helping each other plant the seeds for the future and help each other nourish the growth.

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Why prelude music?

From the online Merriam-Webster dictionary – **Prelude: *an introductory performance, action, or event preceding AND preparing for the principal or a more important matter.***

When does the worship experience begin on a typical Sunday morning? For me, it begins as soon as I enter the sanctuary. As I sit in the sanctuary on Sunday morning, I am trying to prepare my mind and soul to be open to the worship experience. Part of that preparation is concentrating on the music the pianist as carefully selected for the prelude. I'm sure I'm not the only one who uses this time to bring focus to my overworked mind. Sometimes this moment of preparation is interrupted by various distractions: the greetings of others already sitting in the pew (sometimes louder than one realizes), the adjustments of the sound system, the ringing of a cell phone, and even sometimes extended conversations between people in the sanctuary. We have all experienced these distractions at one time or another.

If we look at the definition of "prelude", we see that it is an introduction for the main event. In the case of worship prelude music, this is a time that is used to prepare us for the upcoming time of worship. This should be a time of quiet reflection and preparation. We are a loving and social congregation, but we need to remember that there is a time and place for long and sometimes loud conversations. We also need to remember that the worship experience for many people begins when the music begins. Out of respect for those that prepare for the service in quiet reflection and focus, we need to keep our long and sometimes loud conversations in the fellowship hall. As we enter the sanctuary, let us all bring our minds and hearts to a place so that we can have a positive worship experience.

In the words of Pam Robison "We cannot rush into the presence of God and expect to receive the fullness of what God desires to share." If we all remember this, we "will benefit from being led into the awesome presence of our Creator, ready with open hearts and minds for anything that may occur in the worship elements which follow."

Heather Featherstone

Visiting: A pastoral Care ministry

Pastoral care Visiting can demonstrate caring.

Ideally it is caring. Visiting provides the setting where the love of God can be declared through words of encouragement and supportive actions. People can be assured of their worth.

The Pastoral care this year is focusing on 3 visiting categories this year.

1. Visiting the shut-ins and frail seniors.
2. Visiting the sick and hospitalized.
3. Visiting and welcoming new Member that moves into our area.

Please contact me if you are interested in visiting in any of these areas. Many rich experiences with the Holy Spirit and unlimited possibilities for the meeting of human needs are available for those who share their lives with others in visiting ministry.

Diane Sloan Pastoral Care

Community Outreach

Beginning March 1st, through April 30th of this year, please bring your cans of food, non-perishable food items, and any monies (in the form of a check) you want to donate, to the church building, which all benefits the Valley View Food Bank, located at 1115 W. Nevada Avenue, in Youngtown. This will constitute our participation as the Thunderbird West Congregation, in the Alan Feinstein \$1 Million Dollar Challenge to Feed the Hungry of the World. Mr. Feinstein gives us credit for each pound of food and/or cans of food (whichever is greater), plus any checks, up to \$250.00. Whatever we earn is sent to us by check in the next 2 or 3 months, and in turn is sent to Valley View. The support you have given this project in the past is really appreciated; we look forward to another successful endeavor this year. Genie Perigo has delivered the food and monies at different intervals, in the past three or four years (thank you, Genie).

Look forward to the next few months of outreach programs that benefit our communities. We couldn't do it without your good assistance.

Eilene Speer Community Outreach

Worship Commission

I would like to thank all of you who were willing to take on the assignments of presider / planner and speaker for the Sunday Worship Services in November and December. The holiday period is a busy time of year with family, friends and holiday activities and I want to thank all who helped make our worship services the good experiences that they were. Starting in 2011, we will be making a three-month schedule for preparers/presiders and speakers. We especially need people to prepare communion services. I believe that all of us are trying to create an experience that allows us to not only gather together as friends, but to meet the Holy Spirit. We can provide the example for other believers and those that are visiting who may not understand how and what we believe. I love worshiping in a place where we can say as a sincere expression, "Jesus is Lord." I appreciate so much the preparation and enthusiasm that everybody brings to our services in an effort to present the Gospel. Thank you for all of your support.

Mike Alexander, Worship Commissioner

Thunderbird West (TBW) Congregation Facilities Committee

Goal: Proactively maintain and improve the TBW facility and grounds.

The Awning Donation Progress Chart in the Fellowship Hall now shows that we have over \$2,000 towards our \$10,000 goal. Thank you for supporting this effort.

In the past two months we have added new fans in the Fellowship Hall, added a three way switch in the attic, and repaired the computer receptacle, and the baptismal font plumbing and hot water and one of the urinals in the men's room.

A special thanks to Mike Alexander and Scott Sloan for taking time to be at the church when the plumbers were there. I am very pleased with the variety of things that the Facilities Committee has accomplished.

Eldora Engebretson, Committee Chair.

The most powerful position in this world is on your knees praying!!

Fellowship

The next planned event will be a St. Patrick's Day dinner which will be on Sunday, March 13 following the worship service. Green will be in vogue so get ready for a great potluck dinner featuring corned beef and cabbage. Please check the fellowship bulletin board for details of the dinner.

We the Member of Community of Christ Church in order to form a Family Cook Book are requesting your family recipes. Inheritance of family cooking is very important to our families. We need to pass our recipes to our family members. We are gathering recipes and then will have our Cook Book Published and have them for Sale in the fall. Cook Books make a Great Gift for Birthdays, Weddings, or Christmas. Please bring recipes and please put your name on them. Your recipes are a Great Treasure. Thank you
Cook Book Committee
Suellen Dolson Fellowship Chair

Dave and Dustee Heinze Coming to Arizona Mission Center

Dear Friends:

Earlier today I received the following communication from Dave Nii, Apostolic Assistant (in italics):

On behalf of Apostle Scott Murphy, I am pleased to officially notify you of the assignment of Dave Heinze to the open Church Planter position in the Arizona Mission Center. Dave presently is serving as the Graceland University Campus Minister, and his spouse, Dustee, presently serves as the Associate Campus Minister. Dustee, an evangelist, will have a part-time position working with Dave in this new plant ministry. The Heinzes may not be fully moved to Arizona until early autumn.

Dave, a high priest, is an experienced appointee minister of the church and his assignment in this church planter role is not a time-limited, grant-funded position as the position existed in 2009-10. The mission center will not be responsible for compensation costs for the Heinzes but may be asked to assist with time, energy and event coordination connected with this evolving ministry. Dave and Dustee's assignment is another indication of the high potential Community of Christ leadership sees in the Phoenix area. I believe your mission center will be greatly blessed by the ministry of Dave and Dustee.

The mission center leadership was aware of this development and approved it prior to this announcement. We look forward to serving with Dave and Dustee in the near future.

Please announce to your congregations this Sunday, if possible, and send out in your congregation's communication.

Grace and peace, Mike Hoffman

Thunderbird West Website Update

Did you know the Thunderbird West website now has a page for videos? We have added a page to share congregational related videos. The first video we are sharing is the video Donna Greenwalt and Heather Featherstone put together for the December 26, 2010 worship service. Check it out at: <http://thunderbirdwest.com/video>

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A Girl with an Apple

August 1942. Piotrkow , Poland . The sky was gloomy that morning as we waited anxiously. All the men, women and children of Piotrkow's Jewish ghetto had been herded into a square.

Word had gotten around that we were being moved. My father had only recently died from typhus, which had run rampant through the crowded ghetto. My greatest fear was that our family would be separated.

'Whatever you do,' Isidore, my eldest brother, whispered to me, 'don't tell them your age. Say you're sixteen. 'I was tall for a boy of 11, so I could pull it off. That way I might be deemed valuable as a worker.

An SS man approached me, boots clicking against the cobblestones. He looked me up and down, and then asked my age . 'Sixteen,' I said. He directed me to the left, where my three brothers and other healthy young men already stood.

My mother was motioned to the right with the other women, children, sick and elderly people. I whispered to Isidore, 'Why?' He didn't answer. I ran to Mama's side and said I wanted to stay with her. 'No, 'she said sternly.

Get away. Don't be a nuisance. Go with your brothers.' She had never spoken so harshly before. But I understood: She was protecting me. She loved me so much that, just this once, she pretended not to. It was the last I ever saw of her.

My brothers and I were transported in a cattle car to Germany. We arrived at the Buchenwald concentration camp one night later and were led into a crowded barrack. The next day, we were issued uniforms and identification numbers. 'Don't call me Herman anymore.' I said to my brothers. 'Call me 94983.'

I was put to work in the camp's crematorium, loading the dead into a hand-cranked elevator. I, too, felt dead. Hardened, I had become a number.

Soon, my brothers and I were sent to Schlieben, one of Buchenwald's sub-camps near Berlin. One morning I thought I heard my mother's voice. 'Son,' she said softly but clearly, I am going to send you an angel.' Then I woke up. Just a dream. A beautiful dream. But in this place there could be no angels. There was only work. And hunger. And fear.

A couple of days later, I was walking around the camp, around the barracks, near the barbed-wire fence where the guards could not easily see. I was alone. On the other side of the fence, I spotted someone: a little girl with light,almost luminous curls. She was half-hidden behind a birch tree. I glanced around to make sure no one saw me. I called to her softly in German. 'Do you have something to eat?' She didn't understand.

I inched closer to the fence and repeated the question in Polish. She stepped forward. I was thin and gaunt, with rags wrapped around my feet, but the girl looked unafraid. In her eyes, I saw life.

She pulled an apple from her woolen jacket and threw it over the fence. I grabbed the fruit and, as I started to run away, I heard her say faintly, 'I'll see you tomorrow.'

I returned to the same spot by the fence at the same time every day. She was always there with something for me to eat - a hunk of bread or, better yet, an apple.

We didn't dare speak or linger. To be caught would mean death for us both. I didn't know anything about her, just a kind farm girl, except that she understood Polish. What was her name? Why was she risking her life for me? Hope was in such short supply, and this girl on the other side of the fence gave me some, as nourishing in its way as the bread and apples.

Nearly seven months later, my brothers and I were crammed into a coal car and shipped to Theresienstadt camp in Czechoslovakia. 'Don't return,' I told the girl that day. 'We're leaving.'

I turned toward the barracks and didn't look back, didn't even say good-bye to the little girl whose name I'd never learned, the girl with the apples.

We were in Theresienstadt for three months. The war was winding down and Allied forces were closing in, yet my fate seemed sealed. On May 10, 1945, I was scheduled to die in the gas chamber at 10:00 AM. In the quiet of dawn, I tried to prepare myself. So many times death seemed ready to claim me, but somehow I'd survived. Now, it was over.

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I thought of my parents. At least, I thought, we will be reunited. But at 8 A.M. there was a commotion. I heard shouts, and saw people running every which way through camp. I caught up with my brothers. Russian troops had liberated the camp! The gates swung open. Everyone was running, so I did too. Amazingly, all of my brothers had survived; I'm not sure how. But I knew that the girl with the apples had been the key to my survival. In a place where evil seemed triumphant, one person's goodness had saved my life, had given me hope in a place where there was none.

My mother had promised to send me an angel, and the angel had come.

Eventually I made my way to England where I was sponsored by a Jewish charity, put up in a hostel with other boys who had survived the Holocaust and trained in electronics. Then I came to America, where my brother Sam had already moved. I served in the U. S. Army during the Korean War, and returned to New York City after two years.

By August 1957 I'd opened my own electronics repair shop. I was starting to settle in. One day, my friend Sid who I knew from England called me. 'I've got a date. She's got a Polish friend. Let's double date.' A blind date? Nah, that wasn't for me. But Sid kept pestering me, and a few days later we headed up to the Bronx to pick up his date and her friend Roma.

I had to admit, for a blind date this wasn't so bad. Roma was a nurse at a Bronx hospital. She was kind and smart. Beautiful, too, with swirling brown curls and green, almond-shaped eyes that sparkled with life.

The four of us drove out to Coney Island. Roma was easy to talk to, easy to be with. Turned out she was wary of blind dates too! We were both just doing our friends a favor. We took a stroll on the boardwalk, enjoying the salty Atlantic breeze, and then had dinner by the shore. I couldn't remember having a better time.

We piled back into Sid's car, Roma and I sharing the backseat

As European Jews who had survived the war, we were aware that much had been left unsaid between us. She broached the subject, 'Where were you,' she asked softly, 'during the war?' 'The camps,' I said. The terrible memories still vivid, the irreparable loss. I had tried to forget. But you can never forget.

She nodded. 'My family was hiding on a farm in Germany, not far from Berlin,' she told me. 'My father knew a priest, and he got us Aryan papers.'

I imagined how she must have suffered too, fear, a constant companion. And yet here we were both survivors, in a new world.

'There was a camp next to the farm.' Roma continued. 'I saw a boy there and I would throw him apples every day.' What an amazing coincidence that she had helped some other boy. 'What did he look like?' I asked. 'He was tall, skinny, and hungry. I must have seen him every day for six months.'

My heart was racing. I couldn't believe it. This couldn't be. 'Did he tell you one day not to come back because he was leaving Schlieben?'

Roma looked at me in amazement. 'Yes!' 'That was me!'

I was ready to burst with joy and awe, flooded with emotions. I couldn't believe it! My angel.

'I'm not letting you go.' I said to Roma. And in the back of the car on that blind date, I proposed to her. I didn't want to wait.

'You're crazy!' she said. But she invited me to meet her parents for Shabbat dinner the following week.

There was so much I looked forward to learning about Roma, but the most important things I always knew: her steadfastness, her goodness. For many months, in the worst of circumstances, she had come to the fence and given me hope. Now that I'd found her again, I could never let her go.

That day, she said yes. And I kept my word. After nearly 50 years of marriage, two children and three grandchildren, I have never let her go. Herman Rosenblat of Miami Beach, Florida was Bar Mitzvahed at age 75).

This story is being made into a movie called The Fence.

SHMILY

My grandparents were married for over half a century, and played their own special game from the time they had met each other. The goal of their game was to write the word "shmily" in a surprise place for the other to find. They took turns leaving "shmily" around the house, and as soon as one of them discovered it, it was their turn to hide it once more.

They dragged "shmily" with their fingers through the sugar and flour containers to await whoever was preparing the next meal. They smeared it in the dew on the windows over looking the patio where my grandma always fed us warm, homemade pudding with blue food coloring. "Shmily" was written in the steam left on the mirror after a hot shower, where it would reappear bath after bath. At one point, my grandmother even unrolled an entire roll of toilet paper to leave "shmily" on the very last sheet.

There was no end to the places "shmily" would pop up. Little notes with "shmily" scribbled hurriedly were found on dashboards and car seats, or taped to steering wheels. The notes were stuffed inside shoes and left under pillows. "Shmily" was written in the dust upon the mantel and traced in the ashes of the fireplace. This mysterious word was as much a part of my grandparents' house as the furniture.

It took me a long time before I was able to fully appreciate my grandparents' game. Skepticism has kept me from believing in true love - one that is pure and enduring. However, I never doubted my grandparents' relationship. They had love down pat. It was more than their flirtatious little games; it was a way of life. Their relationship was based on a devotion and passionate affection, which not everyone is lucky enough to experience. Grandma and Grandpa held hands every chance they could. They stole kisses as they bumped into each other in their tiny kitchen. They finished each other's sentences and shared the daily crossword puzzle and word jumble. My grandma whispered to me about how cute my grandpa was, how handsome and old he had grown to be. She claimed that she really knew "how to pick 'em." Before every meal they bowed their heads and gave thanks, marveling at their blessings: a wonderful family, good fortune, and each other.

But there was a dark cloud in my grandparents' life: my grandmother had breast cancer. The disease had first appeared ten years earlier. As always, Grandpa was with her every step of the way. He comforted her in their yellow room, painted that way so that she could always be surrounded by sunshine, even when she was too sick to go out side. Now the cancer was again attacking her body. With the help of a cane and my grandfather's steady hand, they went to church every morning. But my grandmother grew steadily weaker until; finally, she could not leave the house anymore. For a while, Grandpa would go to church alone, praying to God to watch over his wife. Then one day, what we all dreaded finally happened. Grandma was gone.

"Shmily." It was scrawled in yellow on the pink ribbons of my grandmother's funeral bouquet. As the crowd thinned and the last mourners turned to leave, my aunts, uncles, cousins and other family members came forward and gathered around Grandma one last time. Grandpa stepped up to my grandmother's casket and, taking a shaky breath, he began to sing to her. Through his tears and grief, the song came, a deep and throaty lullaby. Shaking with my own sorrow, I will never forget that moment. For I knew that although I couldn't begin to fathom the depth of their love, I had been privileged to witness its unmatched beauty.

S-h-m-i-l-y: See How Much I Love You.

What I Learned From 'Peanuts'

Charles Schulz entertained us daily for 50 years. His creation, 'Peanuts' was the source for more many, many laugh-out-loud moments while at the same time providing a fantastic resource for inspiration and life lessons. As I think of the joy the 'Peanuts' gang provided, I remember the many lessons I learned from them as well.

1. It's okay to be afraid... just don't let your fears control you. Charlie Brown often sat in bed and spoke of his fears, yet he never let those fears keep him from doing what he wanted to do.

2. Persistence wins out. Charlie Brown often lost, failed at much, but never gave up. Even though he *knew* Lucy was going to pull the football away before he could kick it... Even though he knew the tree was going to eat his kite... Even though he knew his team would lose the ball game, he kept on trying.

3. It's what you think of yourself that counts.

Linus carried that blanket of his for years and his friends laughed at him. They also laughed at him because he believed in the "Great Pumpkin." Pigpen was a walking cloud of dust and dirt and was often regarded unkindly. Both characters, however, were always proud of themselves and believed they were as good as anybody else -- and they were right.

4. Sometimes you need to talk. One thing the 'Peanuts' gang understood was the importance of talking things out. Whether leaning up against Schroeder's piano or atop the brick wall, they always had someplace to discuss things.

5. Sometimes you need to listen. Even crabby, self-indulged Lucy knew the importance of listening. She started the famous "Psychiatry Booth" where any and all could come and be heard.

6. Do what you love to do. Through all their adventures, Schroeder remained constant in his appreciation of Beethoven and his love of playing the piano. He loved to play piano and that's what he did, regardless of the circumstances.

7. It's important to have friends that care. The 'Peanuts' gang was made up of individual characters, each with their own foibles and talents, but through it all they were always there for each other.

8. Big dreams can lead to big things. Snoopy was the biggest dreamer of them all, but his wild imagination often led to even wilder, more fantastic adventures in real life. Snoopy knew that you must have a big dream if you are going to lead a big life.

9. Action creates reality. As Charlie Brown was reminded time and again after prodding from Linus: it takes action to bring about change. Though he often failed, Chuck took action quite regularly... and every now and again things would go his way.

10. Laugh every day!

While the kids themselves may not have seen the humor in the things they did, Schulz made sure that we *did*. Life is only as serious or as humorous as YOU make it.

Lighten up. Go play softball. Fly a kite. Dance with your dog. Smile.

~~Author Unknown by Me~~

Let your light shine

Dear God, O thou who hast created us, who gives us life and who continues your covenant with us in this sacrament as we take heed to reaffirm our covenants with you. We have here today talked about you; we have sung your praises, we have considered our relationship to you and to each other, we have worshipped together. And now, for a little while, dear Lord, we would talk with you.

How marvelous are thy works in our lives. O God, what a wonderful work is man: thou hast made us a little lower than the angels and you have given us a spark of intelligence and the capacity to begin to understand thy will for us; you have given us the great gift of the Holy Spirit to work within us, to guide and strengthen our efforts toward that which is your way, your will, which you ask us to do here on earth. And you have asked us to follow the teachings and the ways of your Son, even Jesus, the Christ, and thus to become ensigns, to be lights as it were, lights shining on a hill that the world may see thee in us.

Dear God, this is a sacred calling to let our lights shine: it is a demanding calling, and so often we fall short; so often it's as if there were need for a 100 watt bulb and we are only operating at 40 watts. But having created us, you also know of our weaknesses as well as our strengths. And you have made available for us the sources of strength which we need; the fellowship here within these halls, the love of those who also love you, the power in the truth of thy gospel, the encouragement of the Holy Spirit, the unshakeable example of the life of Jesus who faced life's issues just as do we", and who, with the turning of His heart That Thy will Be Done, That The Glory Be Thine, was able to give his entire life to be a shining light for all to know you thru him.

So let us be humble, not seeking glory for ourselves, but giving glory to you O Lord, that you enable us to work for you. And let us turn away wrath which is so easy to come by in this confusing world, but rather see the sweetness in Jesus' doing good to those who despitefully used him. And let us reaffirm our love for all mankind, singing again our childhood tune, red and yellow black and white, all are precious in his sight, Jesus loves the little children of the world. And with this love, let us reaffirm the value and worth of the individual, each of us a unique creation, each of us important to you O God, as we grow into the fulfillment of that potential with which you have endowed us. Let us begin to understand that we can only make the most of the investment you have placed in each of us, as we seek your strengthening presence to know and to do that which you have called us each to do. Christ has said that by this shall all men know that we are his disciples...that we have love for one another... so dear Lord, let us each look inward and sift the wheat from the chaff in our personal relationships; sort out the envy, strife, meanness, let us pray for each other's wellbeing. Replace the negative in our attitudes, not with a neutral outlook, where the devils will find even more room, but with the positive cheerful willing desire for each other's growth and success as thy children. Let us realize, Father, that as we let our lights shine, others' lights are enabled to shine, that we are lifting each other up towards your ways, or we are standing in the way. Let us not cast shadows, but cast light.

And O dear God, our Father, we do seek your help in being gracious to those who inquire, being gracious to our guests, *being eager to understand the issues facing our young and sharing with them in exploring how your gospel can guide them to the answers they seek.* Let us be quick to share with others the source of that love of Christ, that love we have for you, O God, which you would have us share with all mankind. We love because you have first loved us; let us so shine our lights that all men can see you as the true source of all that is good, all that is love, for this love you have given is the light and the life of the world.

It is easy in this hour and this place, dear God, to talk with you, to pour out to you some of the needs and to seek your help in learning better to do it your way. We thank you for this opportunity to join together and to lift a voice to you in prayer. We thank you for the love and the hope and the strength which comes from you.

And now as we go forth, let us do so as beacons for your light, as lights shining upon the hill for all to see your love in us, and to learn that that love is also for them. In the name of Jesus the Christ, we pray, so be it, Amen.

Benediction offered by Merle Zirkle

March/April Schedule**March****6 - "Do Not be Afraid"**

Communion Service

P/P Dan Edwards
 Speaker Charmaine Chavala-Smith
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Vicki Alexander & Judy Bradish
 PA Eldora Engebretson
 Greeters Gene & Jeannine Hummel
 Hall Monitor Suellen Dolson

13 - "Led by the Spirit"

P/P Eldora Engebretson
 Speaker Lois Nelson
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Dan Edwards & Carrol McCans
 PA Vicki Alexander
 Greeters Mike & Vicki Alexander
 Hall Monitor Dan or Madelyn Edwards

20 - "Born of the Spirit"

P/P Heather Featherstone
 Speaker TBD
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Ken & Awilda Thomas
 PA Max Laudeman
 Greeters Howard & Darlene Baldwin
 Hall Monitor Leah Kruger

27 - "Living Water"

P/P Janet Sheltroun
 Speaker Beth Richardson
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Judy Bradish & Merilee DuFault
 PA Vicki Alexander
 Greeters Chuck & Connie Denton
 Hall Monitor Donna Hill

Schedulers:

Worship Mike Alexander
 Piano/Organ Heather Featherstone
 Choir, Solos & Choral Groups Connie Denton
 Deaconing & PA Eldora Engebretson
 Greeters Irene Clark
 Hall Monitor Judi Walton

April**3 - "Receive Your Sight"**

Communion Service

P/P Lois Nelson
 Speaker Lee Swick
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Kyle Brittan & Merilee DuFault
 PA Eldora Engebretson
 Greeters Ken & Awilda Thomas
 Hall Monitor Audrey Birks

10 - "Believe and Live"

P/P Howard Baldwin
 Speaker Paul Fisher
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Lois & Denny Nelson
 PA Tom Bradish
 Greeters Phil & Mary Dachenhausen
 Hall Monitor Judi Walton

17 - "Prepare the Way"

P/P John Walton
 Speaker Mike Hoffman
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Vicki Alexander & Janet Sheltroun
 PA Max Laudeman
 Greeters Bob & Edie Ballew
 Hall Monitor Carla Brittan

24 - "Go and Tell"

P/P Beth Richardson
 Speaker Dulcy Silverthorn
 Pianist Ruth Anderson
 Deaconing Ken & Awilda Thomas
 PA Kyle Brittan
 Greeters Clyde & Lee Swick
 Hall Monitor Lois Nelson

Abbreviations:

PA: Sound System P/P: Planner/Presider
 TBA: To Be Announced

Directory Updates: Kyle & Carla Brittan's new email addresses:
 kabrittan@q.com and crbrittan@q.com

Ron & Dulcy Silverthorn Land line: 928-684-7143

Do ahead Sausage Fondue

8 slices	bread toasted and cubed
2 cups	shredded sharp cheddar cheese
1 1/2 lbs.	link sausage cut in thirds
4	eggs
2 1/4 cup	milk
3/4 tsp	dry mustard
1 can	cream mushroom soup
1/2 cup	milk

Put bread in 8 x 12 baking dish – top with cheese. Brown sausage – drain and place on cheese, beat eggs with milk and mustard pour over casserole. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Before baking dilute mushroom soup with 1/2 cup milk and pour over. Bake 300° - 1 1/2 hrs till set



Thunderbird West
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